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PULASKI

VINDICATED

FROM AN UNSUPPORTED CHARGE,

Inconsiderately or Malignantly

INTRODUCED IN

William

JUDGE JOHNSON'S

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MAJOR
GEN. NATHANIEL GREENE.

Baltimore:

PRINTED BY JOHN D. TOY.

1824.

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“Deficient veracity may be the result of different causes, some of which involve a high degree of moral turpitude in a writer, while others impeach only his diligence, or his capacity. The effects of these several causes are, however, nearly alike; and the credit of a person, or of an action, may be sent down to posterity as effectually obscured, or destroyed by the ignorance which does not know, or the folly which cannot learn, as by the malignity and falsehood that designedly and mischievously misrepresent the truth.”—*United States Magazine for January, 1823; Review of Judge Johnson's Life of General Greene.*



PULASKI VINDICATED.

IN 1822, a work was presented to the American public, under the following title:

“Sketches of the life and correspondence of Nathaniel Greene, Major General of the armies of the United States, in the war of the Revolution, compiled chiefly from original materials. By William Johnson of Charleston, South Carolina.”

Upon the annunciation of that work, every circumstance led the lovers of national history to augur well of its contents. The modesty of the title was prepossessing; the very name of the illustrious subject of the narrative sufficed to inspire respect, to excite interest, to rivet attention; the writer was known to have matured his undertaking under extraordinary advantages and enviable opportunities; he was moreover presumed to possess rare talents, and equally rare industry; and as a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, thoroughly acquainted with the rules of evidence, and accustomed to issue his decisions upon strict and patient inquiry, competent testimony, mature and dispassionate consideration—in fine, with rigid, undeviating, and even jealous impartiality—he was deemed incapable of hazarding statements and assertions not supported by the most respectable authority—and by that authority, too, presented in the clearest and strongest light, and exhibited in the most unquestionable shape. It is true, that the size of the work appeared, at the first glance, rather formidable. Two massy quartos of about five hundred pages each, for a single biography!—Surely,

the most intrepid readers might well be alarmed—and, indeed, many were so—for, although modern historical and biographical authors, making every trifling incident a pin whereon to hang the common place lumber of their erudite brains, seem inclined to reproduce the antiquated fashion of endless folios, with notes, quotations, illustrations, supplements, &c. still the popular taste continues either so felicitously correct and unsophisticated, or so perversely blunt, depraved and untractable as to prefer a brief, animated, straight forward, unaffected narrative to their special, long winded, elaborate, somniferous details.

This alarm, however, was, in most cases, quickly dispelled by the alluring expectation of finding the work interspersed with many of those precious relics which the author informed his readers “lay in piles before him,” while composing it—and with, at least, a due proportion of those “four thousand original letters behind the mass of which he was all the while entrenched—letters written by the hands of all the distinguished men of a period the events of which are destined to change the face of the world.”—(*See his preface.*) If concentration was either below or above his powers—if he preferred the manner of Clarendon to that of the masterly Roman historian* whose graphic touches are every where admirable, but no where so admirable as in that inestimable *antique*, the life of Agricola—it was hoped that, like Clarendon, he would amply atone for his prolixity by a profound insight into human nature—by a faithful delineation of individual characters—by a luminous exposition, not only of facts, but of their causes—by skilfully grouping, in this immense and circumstantial picture of revolutionary scenes, the principal hero of the narrative with the commander in chief, and other eminent persons—each, in his characteristic attitude, and with

* Tacitus.

his distinctive features—finally, by the author catching, to such a degree, the tone, impulse and colour of his subject, as to communicate the warmth and enthusiasm of his own feelings to his fascinated, sympathising readers, and to carry them with increasing intensity of excitement and with progressive interest, through the multiplied and ever shifting situations which such a subject must naturally furnish—from the bustle and turmoil of camps—from the “pomp and circumstance of war,” at once so glorious and so mournful—to the enviable stillness and elysian shades of domestic life.

Such were the expectations created by the appearance of the “*Sketches*.” Have these expectations been surpassed? Have they, at least, been fulfilled? or have they not rather been wofully disappointed? Let these questions be answered by professed critics.

1. In the North American Review for October, 1822, appeared strictures on the “*Sketches*,” of a character evidently indulgent and benign. Indeed, no one can justly impute to the North American Reviewers undue severity. If they err, it is rather in the way of gentleness and forbearance. Towards our southern author, the learned critics of the North are, in the strictures alluded to, singularly mild. Yet, they charge him with misconception, in regard to the lurking resentment stated by him still to exist in Rhode Island, on account of the former bigotry, fanaticism and persecutions of the men of Massachusetts. And, surely, it was not very liberal in the Judge, nor very consistent with the better spirit of our days, to revive topics long since consigned by the philanthropic and the wise to utter oblivion. They further advert to his want of skill and taste in the arrangement of his materials—to the invidious comparisons, too often found in his work, between the troops of Virginia and Georgia, and those of the Carolinas. For very substantial reasons, they refuse to acquiesce in his novel and untenable conclusion, “That the celebrated Newburg letters were written by Gouverneur

Morris." The style of the work, they pronounce to be *quite below the dignity of the subject*—they represent it as *tumid, involved*, and abounding in figures of speech which will hardly *bear the test of criticism*; in fine, they wish the author had curtailed his tedious descriptions of military operations to give place to more of the letters of General Greene, and of his illustrious cotemporaries and brothers in arms.

2. The first number of the United States Magazine, published at New York by C. Wiley, January, 1823, presents, at the very threshold, a review of Judge Johnson's life of General Greene. That review, indisputably is a model of sound criticism—elegant writing—close, powerful and resistless argument—it evinces in the writer a vigorous, soaring, gigantic intellect, in whose grasp the appalled genius of William Johnson writhes in confusion and dismay. The reviewer has examined the Sketches,

1st. As a literary composition; and,

2d. As a chronicle or register of public events.

Under the first point of view, the work is irrefragably proved, by abundant specimens and quotations from it, to *want method*, and *arrangement*—its *language* to be vulgar, *grammatically corrupt*—frequently *foppish or affected*—sometimes *bombastic*—often bordering on the *extravagant or hyperbolical*; the *sentences*, occasionally *involved and obscure*—and many of the *terms* though sufficiently common, *totally and shamefully misapplied*. It must be confessed that so many verbal absurdities and deficiencies have seldom, in a single work, provoked the lash of honest criticism; and to use the words of the New York Aristarchus, "*such a writer as the author of the 'Sketches,' ought to be put into a short jacket and petticoat and sent to school with a horn book and primer, to begin his education.*"

Turning from the style to the logic of Judge Johnson, and scrutinizing the faults of his work as a *chronicle or register of public events*, the same reviewer becomes

more severe, and justly so—because *things* are more important than *words*, and deficient veracity more reprehensible than incorrect phraseology. In this part of his remarks, the critic victoriously confutes the relation of what our biographer denominates the two *conspiracies* which disfigure our revolutionary story; the one “to put down General Washington;” the other “to close the war in usurpation and monarchy.” Of the first of these two *atrocious* conspiracies, the whole is resolved by the vigorous and clear analysis of the reviewer, into a vague, baseless, airy fabric, not having substance enough even to fix the opinions of the historian himself, as to the leader of the plot. Mifflin is acquitted for the want of evidence. C. Lee, that decided vilifier of Washington, he absolves, on account of the intercourse kept up between him and Greene during their lives. Gates and Conway, the other military conspirators, not having such intercourse with Greene to plead, are mercilessly pursued by the biographer. The French-Irish knight of St. Louis, Conway, is asserted to have written to the conqueror of Burgoyne, a letter containing many irreverential expressions in regard to the military character and conduct of General Washington—“But,” says the critic, “where shall we seek for this obnoxious letter?” Has our biographer seen it? No: but Wilkinson saw it, and “in a moment of indiscretion” stated its contents to McWilliams, who communicated them to Sterling, who reported them to Washington, who sent a copy of them to Gates. And what then? Did Gates acknowledge the correctness of the copy transmitted to him? Just the reverse; he declared it to be “*spurious*,” and that in both words and substance, it was a “wicked forgery.” Indeed! and what said Wilkinson to this? Did he attempt to make good the statement he had furnished? No—He at length came out with a full and unqualified declaration that the “*whole story transmitted by Sterling to Washington was a false-*

hood.” The two anecdotes related, one by A. Graydon, and the other by H. Lee, in regard to this affair, prove little or nothing. Indiscretion, vanity, censorious garrulity, are far from amounting to conspiracy. The circumstances, the events of that day forced upon every mind reflections, comparisons and conclusions, whether erroneous or correct—and if speaking or writing with honest candour, with manly independence of character and feeling, and solely with a view to the public good, about men and measures, constituted high treason in “those times that tried men’s souls,” of the trio who, according to Judge Johnson, were to grace the banks of the Savannah by a common residence, two have involved themselves in the alleged guilt by letters to the supposed head of the conspiracy under view.—(See in the *MEMOIRS of the life of Gen. Charles Lee*, p. 178, a letter from Gen. J. Read, of Pennsylvania, dated Hackensack, Nov. 21st, 1776; and in *Wilkinson’s Memoirs*, a letter from Gen. Wayne to Gen. Gates, dated Camp at White Marsh, Nov. 21st, 1777.)

As to the members of Congress implicated in that pretended conspiracy by Judge Johnson, viz: Samuel Adams, R. H. Lee, James Wilson, &c. was it not their right, nay, was it not their duty, not only in their representative, but also in their individual capacity, to judge of military character and conduct? Their opinions might be founded in error; but “without the right of *forming* and *delivering* them,” adds the reviewer, “the government of the Union would have been as much a despotism as the government of Turkey.” He therefore concludes that the “*Slander* founded on the supposed contents of Conway’s letter, propagated and believed for half a century, and now adduced by our biographer, as a proof that two distinguished officers of the army of the revolution had conspired to put down the Commander in chief, is an impudent and vile falsehood from beginning to end;” and that the collateral proofs of that

conspiracy introduced by our biographer, only serve to evince his own miserable dialectics."

The sturdy reviewer then examines the grounds on which Judge Johnson asserts, that, about the close of the war of the revolution, "the boldest and most portentous intrigue took place that ever threatened the liberties of this country, which," says he, "had for its object the substitution of a military despotism for our present free institutions; and which was more deeply and dangerously combined than historians appear to be aware of." To form an adequate idea of the singular contrast, between the powerful and overwhelming logic of the critic, and the puny and fallacious induction of the author smarting under his rod, the reader must peruse the whole of his highly interesting and admirably finished strictures, in the number of the U. States Magazine before alluded to, which has unfortunately become extremely rare. By thus expunging from our national history, the foul stain of early plots and conspiracies against Washington and liberty, the author of that review has certainly deserved well of his country. Why should our annals be polluted by imaginary imputations of guilt? by phantoms of dark purpose and dire intent, without adequate proofs of their existence? But, heaven be thanked, those grim visions have disappeared!—A claim of justice at the hands of Congress by the revolutionary army, has been clearly proved to have involved no design of rebellion, no parricidal views, no scheme subversive of the liberties of America. The author of the Newburg letters is no longer shrouded in mystery; and that author, notwithstanding the elaborate hypothesis of our ingenious biographer, happens to be—not Gouverneur Morris, but a revolutionary officer, to whom those celebrated letters had long since been ascribed. Thus much for the depth, extent, and accuracy of our biographer's historical researches!

3. In the beginning of the present year, (1824,) the son of the late General Henry Lee has published, in Philadelphia, "The Campaign of 1781 in the Carolinas, with remarks historical and critical on Johnson's life of Greene." This work, replete with interest, and consecrated by the laudable effort of a son to defend the memory of his father, inflicts on the unlucky biographer severities at least equal to those of the New York review. It is a large octavo of more than 500 pages; and there is scarcely one of these that does not reveal some absurdity—detect some error—expose some slander of Judge Johnson. Under the unsparing scalpel of the young and dexterous, critical anatomist, how small a portion of sound matter is left in the ponderous quartos of our biographer, after the diseased and putrid parts have been removed!

Every one who reads the "Sketches," should, at the same time, have before him the three works just mentioned. They will furnish him with the necessary antidotes against the poisons so abundantly administered by the ignorance, rashness or malignity of Mr. Johnson.

And this is the writer who has presumed to calumniate Pulaski!

"The Americans," says Judge Johnson, "speaking of the battle of Germantown, (*Sketches*, &c. vol. 1, page 83,) are not a little at a loss also, to account for some events, merely because they were under the erroneous impression, that the surprise was complete. Yet the British assert, and on this point their assertion is not to be controverted, that their patrols had given them an hour's notice of the approaching attack. It is not to be wondered at that the Americans doubt this, upon the supposition that the British patrol could not have approached the American army without being discovered by their own. *But, it is a melancholy fact, of which few were informed, that the celebrated Pulaski, who commanded the patrol, was found by General Washington himself asleep in a farm house. Policy only, and a regard to the rank*

and misfortunes of the offender, could have induced the General to suppress the fact. Yet, to this circumstance, most probably, we are to attribute the success of the enemy's patrol in approaching near enough to discover the advance of the American column."

With great propriety might such an accusation, made by the biographer of General Greene, without any special, positive and satisfactory proof of the obnoxious fact—an accusation rendered incredible by a variety of impressive circumstances; and, above all, by the previous and by the subsequent conduct of Pulaski—rouse the indignant feelings of any disinterested friend of historical truth—of any admirer of the heroic and chivalrous character of the gallant Pole—of any patriot, grateful for the generous and efficient devotedness of that distinguished foreigner to the American cause. In the present case, there is more. He who now deems himself called upon to vindicate the fame of the injured Pulaski, is one of his surviving officers—one whose pride it shall ever be to have served his country under that celebrated commander, indisputably the most active and the greatest partisan of his time—one who was by his side when he received his mortal wound, and who attended him 'till the moment when his noble soul departed from the gangrened body to reascend to its native heaven. The stab aimed at the reputation of his beloved and honoured commander, has sunk deeply into his heart; and he cannot rest satisfied until he has done justice both to the memory of Pulaski and to his own feelings, by solemnly protesting, before heaven and before man, against an assertion which every circumstance leads him to think utterly destitute of foundation!

Two considerations further urge him to such a protest. The work of Judge Johnson, numerous and glaring as its defects certainly are, still may find in an illustrious name—a name justly venerable and dear—the name of the immortal Greene—a passport to pos-

terity; and calumny may, if not contradicted in time, acquire substance by extensive circulation; for, there is in most readers an unlucky propensity implicitly to believe any statement, upon the mere assertion of an author—because they are either too honest to suspect his veracity, or too indolent to scrutinize his story. Thus it is that, after the death of a hero, whom no one would have dared to slander or calumniate when living, currency is frequently given to erroneous opinions unfavourable to his memory.

In his fondness for novelty, in his desire to account for events in a manner different from that of other historians, in his anxiety to rescue the fame of Greene from evanescent aspersions, which grew out of the momentary discontent of the army, exasperated by the mortifying result of the affair at Germantown—aspersions which Lee, who was present, in the suite of Washington, very properly denominates “attempts to censure too feeble to attract notice”—our biographer has given an account of the battle, as misty as the morning on which it was fought. This part of his narrative is a perfect *imbroglio*, unintelligible to the reader, and, perhaps, not understood by the writer himself, who ought, besides, to have reflected that the less was said of it, the better.

According to other historians, such as Ramsay, Marshal, Lee, Botta, &c. the causes of the disaster at Germantown were—remotely, the undisciplined and dispirited condition of the army, the inexperience of the Generals, and the complication of the plan—proximately, the want of simultaneous movements in the American columns, the irregularity of their attacks, the injudicious pause before Chew’s house, and the darkness of the morning. Judge Johnson, not satisfied with causes so evidently true, and so fully adequate to the effect under view, ascribes the disasters of that fatal day, partly, as already seen, to the slumbers of Pulaski; partly, to the cowardice or treachery of Conway; and partly, to the inexplicable oversight

of Washington, in not making the enemy's left the object of his principal attack.

The charge against Pulaski is the only point intended to be considered here.

"The British," says Judge Johnson, "assert, and on this point their assertion is not to be controverted, that their patrols had given them an hour's notice of the approaching attack."

Admit this to be true. Does it necessarily follow, that to obtain the information thus conveyed, those patrols must have come, as it were, in contact with the American army? Could not they derive it from some of those disaffected persons, with whom that part of the country is well known to have abounded, at that critical period? Again, may not the British, for obvious reasons, have ascribed to their patrols intelligence for which they were, in reality, indebted to the vigilance and address of some spy, who, favoured by that dark night, found his way unperceived to the enemy's camp? But, notwithstanding all that the British and the Judge may say to the contrary, the surprise was complete; and of that fact, any one who was in that army will assure him *upon legal oath*, if required—and moreover, that had it not been for the unfortunate pause before that insignificant obstacle, Chew's house, a most glorious victory would have been the result of the day.

"But," adds the Judge, "it is a melancholy fact, of which few were informed, that the celebrated Pulaski, who commanded the (*American*) patrol, was found by General Washington himself asleep in a farm house." "A melancholy fact of which few were informed!" Mark how cautious, how guarded the biographer is in this place. Those who know any thing of Pulaski, may probably exclaim, upon being told of this unaccountable drowsiness, in the most watchful, the most indefatigable, the most active military commander that ever was—"What! Pulaski asleep at such a moment! at the approach of a battle likely to prove

bloody and decisive!—and when so much depended on his vigilance!—The thing is incredible!—and, indeed, no other historian has ever mentioned it.” “Oh!” says the Judge, “it is a melancholy fact of which few were informed.” Excellent proviso! Admirable subterfuge! But, let the world depend upon it, had such a circumstance ever occurred, it must soon have been not only circulated in cautious whispers, but loudly proclaimed. Too many persons were interested in probing to the quick this galling sore of the failure at Germantown, not to have promptly discovered the seat of the evil, if it had existed where our biographer has placed it. Too many jealous eyes were fixed on Pulaski, for such an act on his part to remain confined to the knowledge of a *discreet few*. Not to speak of his own men, if, on that occasion, he had indulged in preposterous slumbers at a farm house, the master of that house, his wife, his children, his servants, or some of them at least, must have been apprised of it; and generally, such persons are loquacious and communicative in the extreme. An injunction of secrecy would only have stimulated their garrulity; the adventure would long since have found its way into some military memoirs—some voluminous biography—some revolutionary anecdotes, &c.; and Mr. Johnson would have been spared the trouble of removing the mysterious and impenetrable veil, which, according to him, had concealed from the public eye the chief, if not the sole cause of the misfortune experienced at Germantown, until his wonderful sagacity discovered the hidden record to which we are indebted for the *melancholy fact!*

“Washington found Pulaski asleep in a farm house!” Who gave the Judge that information? Was it Gen. Washington himself—the only person on whose assertion he could have safely relied? That cannot be! The Judge does not think proper to state his authority. The case was, however, of sufficient importance to require some definite information, some luminous

developement, some satisfactory reference, some irrefragable testimony; and until our biographer shall adduce such evidence in support of his assertion, it must be considered as foul, malignant and groundless calumny—and surely; could the shade of the magnanimous Greene be conjured up from the tomb, it would indignantly frown upon the rash and clumsy biographer who has thus sullied with inconsiderate defamation, a work dedicated to his memory!

Although the Judge has not thought it expedient explicitly to state his authority, perhaps he intended to furnish a clue to it by the distinguished notice taken, in his work, of one who acted a conspicuous part in those scenes, and who is now no more. If so, had he known the bitter enmity which that person bore to Pulaski (from what motives, it is, at present, needless to tell) surely, the testimony of so prejudiced and so decided a foe, must have had very little weight with him! But, on this subject, no more—It is not intended to disturb the ashes of the dead; and heaven forbid that the feelings of the surviving family even of an enemy should be unnecessarily wounded! Nay, it is a matter of sincere regret that the Judge should have forced recrimination against himself!

“Policy only” adds the biographer “and regard to the rank and misfortunes of the offender could have induced the General to suppress the fact.” What policy? For Washington there could be, in such a case, but one line of conduct to pursue. True policy, the policy of the highly responsible chief to whose hands America had confided the direction of her physical strength, that is, in an eminent degree, the decision of her political destinies, was firmness, unbending firmness; it was a regard to the great interests of the country superior to all personal considerations; it was, by all practicable means, and if necessary by exemplary severity, to infuse discipline, unity of efforts, vigilance, promptitude, system, subordination—in short, all those qualities which make of a

large military mass, a well organized body, obeying one mind, impelled by one will, and tending to one end—into an army then more distinguished for natural bravery and enthusiastic attachment to the cause of liberty, than for technical soldiership. And that Washington was faithful to that policy, is placed beyond all doubt by the whole course and tenour of his military life. Was not Stephens brought to trial, after the very affair under consideration—the unfortunate battle of Germantown?

To the dictates of policy, our biographer adds, “a regard to the rank and misfortunes of the offender.” Now, is it not more than probable that whatever the sensibilities and sympathies of Washington might, in such a case, have suggested to his heart, two paramount sentiments—an ardent love of country, and an inflexible adherence to duty and principle—would have silenced, in his breast, feelings in themselves so amiable and so respectable—and prevented him from suppressing a fact attended with consequences so fatal to the army and to America? Nor is this all. The proud and generous soul of Pulaski would have disdained such pity. The higher his rank, the greater his misfortunes, the more stern his noble spirit! A soldier in the full sense of the word, and incapable of a compromise with honour, he never would have consented to owe to mere policy, and to mere regard to his rank and misfortunes, employment in the American army—He would peremptorily have urged a trial, and cheerfully submitted to that military code which he always was ready to obey, as well as to enforce.—No, there is in this suppression, and in its motives, an implied absurdity; nor can the subsequent attentions of the commander in chief to Pulaski, his recommendation of him to Congress, his avowed admiration of his prowess and activity, be reconciled with his alleged consciousness of “*slumbers*” so injurious to the American cause, and which,

even if concealed through policy, &c. never could have been forgotten by him.

Again, let us for the sake of argument, suppose that Pulaski was found asleep—what will be the inference? He had been sent in advance with a body of cavalry. He, no doubt, proceeded as far as he could, without exposing himself to being discovered by the enemy. If, then, after stationing his pickets, his videttes, and making himself perfectly secure, he had taken his quarters in a farm house, thrown himself on a bed, and courted and enjoyed, for a few moments, the balmy and invigorating sweets of repose, with a view to enable himself the better to undergo the fatigues, and breast the storm of the approaching battle—who could, on that account, attach to him the least portion of blame? Is a military man never to sleep? It is only in works of romance or of poetical fiction, that we meet with heroes thus transcendent, thus aerial, thus free from the wants, exigencies, and weaknesses of poor human nature; eating and sleeping, heaven knows when; ever running over hills and mountains, through plains, vallies and forests; stopped by no weather, no flood, no cataract, no precipice; with their lances ever in rest; eternally transfixing or cleaving giant or wizard foes, &c. But the Judge wrote history, not romance; he might have allowed Pulaski to indulge, for a moment, in innocent repose, when a favourable opportunity was offered, after he had taken every precaution for his safety, and while the march of our columns was retarded by so many mistakes and difficulties, created by the darkness of the night. We repeat it, however—this is observed merely for the sake of argument—for, we cannot believe that Pulaski was at all found in the situation mentioned by our sagacious biographer.

It has been shewn, satisfactorily, we presume, that there is stamped on the very face of the charge under consideration, a character of improbability, nay, of impossibility, sufficient to convince of its futility,

every honourable, unprejudiced and reflecting mind. This conviction will derive additional strength from a rapid, accurate and impartial retrospect of Pulaski's conduct both before and after the affair at Germantown.

To those who are, in the least degree, conversant with the history of modern Europe, it is well known that for several years previous to the first flagitious partition of Poland, in 1772, by Russia, Austria and Prussia, that unfortunate country was a scene of turbulence, anarchy, devastation and bloodshed. Stanislaus Augustus, the reigning monarch, had been raised to the throne, not by the free and unanimous choice of the nobles, but by a corrupt and degenerate faction, and by the intrigues and even the violence of Russia, whose troops, stationed at a small distance from the plain where the diet of election was held, had overawed his numerous opponents. Among these was Count Pulaski, a nobleman no less distinguished by his talents and his courage than by his birth and his rank. Firm, incorruptible, undaunted, he had uniformly resisted the insolent dictation of an ambitious and faithless neighbour, and in Stanislaus he saw a Russian viceroy rather than the chief of an independent nation.

In those confederacies which were soon formed in various parts of the country, to defend and vindicate its insulted sovereignty, the ardent patriotism of the Count, his implacable hatred of foreign usurpation, his indefatigable zeal, his unshaken constancy, his heroic intrepidity—in short, his towering genius and his stoical and truly republican virtues, rendered him the scourge and terrour of the Russians. “During eight succeeding years of a bloody war,” says a writer who has eloquently described the situation of Poland in those calamitous times, “the operations of Pulaski were such as almost to challenge belief. Sometimes vanquished, much oftener victorious, equally great in the midst of a defeat as formidable after vic-

tory, and always superior to events, Pulaski attracted and fixed the attention of all Europe, and astonished her by his long and vigorous resistance. Obligated to abandon one province, he made incursions into another, and there performed new prodigies of valour. It was thus that, marching successively throughout all the palatinates, he signalized in each of them that eternal hatred which he had sworn against the enemies of Poland." It was Pulaski who, in 1771, conceived and organized the bold design of forcibly carrying off Stanislaus from Warsaw, and bringing him to his camp; not, indeed, to assassinate him, as has been basely and falsely asserted by partisans of Russia, but with a view to make him a rallying point for the nobles, and all the patriots of Poland, and, by means of this union of the monarch with the nation, to crush, or, at least, to drive away from the territory of the republic the satellites of that unprincipled and perfidious power, by whose haughty mandates it had too long been governed. The enterprise, confided to forty brave patriots, succeeded only so far as to seize on the monarch, in the very bosom of his capital, and to convey him away to some distance from it, in spite of every obstacle and danger. The darkness of the night, and other unforeseen casualties, prevented the final execution of a plan, which might eventually have saved Poland from that political annihilation which has since become her lot.

When, from nearly the same motives as induce robbers to disguise or suspend, for a time, their jealousies and animosities, and to unite their efforts and their strength, the more easily to secure a common prey, Russia, Prussia and Austria jointly invaded Poland, in 1772, and at a "fell swoop" seized upon the fairest portion of her territory, which they divided among themselves by that right which only kings and freebooters dare to claim—the right of superior physical force—the Polish confederates were compelled either to acquiesce in the degradation of their

enslaved, plundered, partitioned country, or to flee from the beloved and hallowed land which had given them birth—from the land which they had disputed, inch by inch, with the lawless potentates who have since entirely erased it from the map of independent nations. Very few submitted; many fell into the hands of the Russians or of their adherents, and died martyrs to that noble cause which they had so strenuously supported; others escaped to foreign climes. Pulaski was the last to retire from the glorious contest. In a desperate and bloody engagement with the Russians, his army, vastly inferior in numbers, was routed, annihilated; but his courage still remained. To rush furiously on death would have been useless to his country; he chose to live, in the hope of again serving it, should heaven and time favour his wishes. Through countless fatigues, difficulties and perils, and after a variety of singular disguises, wonderful adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, he reached Turkey, whose hostilities against Russia accorded with his hatred of that power, and at the same time, flattered the patriotic schemes which his ardent spirit had not ceased to cherish. On that side, however, his hopes were frustrated by the peace concluded between Russia and the Porte, in 1774.

In the mean time, the situation of Poland had become more deplorable than ever—her king, her senate, her people, yielding to foreign oppression had sunk into the torpor and apathy of the most abject servitude. Envoys from the Courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna and Berlin, swayed her destinies; and, far from assuming a brighter aspect, her horizon daily portended more violent and more tremendous tempests. By the Russian faction, Pulaski had, long since, been deprived of his estates, degraded from his rank, condemned to lose his head—in short, outlawed. Unable to rouse Turkey to any measure auspicious to his country, he passed into France, about the time when the declaration of American indepen-

dence kindled in every generous breast a holy enthusiasm. The native land of Pulaski had lost her liberties—he resolved to fight for the liberties of America. With him, to resolve and to execute, were almost simultaneous.* In 1777, Philadelphia beheld him tendering his services to the American Congress. The inherent ardour of his warlike spirit, his habits of activity, and the desire of efficiently serving the cause which he had so warmly embraced, did not permit him to wait for the decision of that body on his application—but, he immediately joined the army. He was at Brandywine, on the day of the battle, with the Marquis De La Fayette, and other distinguished foreign officers, in the suite of General Washington. At the time when our right wing was turned by the victorious enemy pressing upon us, and the rapid retreat of the right and centre of our army became the consequence, Count Pulaski proposed to Gen. Washington to give him the command of his body guard, consisting of about thirty horsemen. This was readily granted, and Pulaski with his usual intrepidity and

* The following homage from one who was a professed admirer of Stanislaus, and consequently no friend to Pulaski, proves, at least, that the latter was neither deficient in vigilance, nor subject to *sleepy fits*.—N. Wraxall, in a paper communicated to Coxe, on the subject of certain remarkable events in Poland, says:

“Pulaski, who commanded one of the many corps of the confederate Poles, then in arms, is still alive, though an outlaw and an exile. He is said, even by the Russians, his enemies, to possess military talents of a very superior nature; nor, were they ever able to take him prisoner during the civil war. After the conclusion of the troubles, Pulaski escaped from Poland, and repaired to America; he distinguished himself in the American service,” &c.

Our venerable Franklin (*see his works*, vol. v. page 5.) pays a still higher compliment to the Count.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Franklin to Gen. Washington,

PARIS, June 13, 1777.

“The bearer, Mr. le Comte Kotkouski, a Polish officer, is recommended to me by several persons of worth here, as a man of experience in military affairs, and of tried bravery; he has lost his family and estate in Poland, by fighting there in the cause of liberty; and wishes, by engaging in the same cause, to find a new country and new friends in America. Count Pulaski, who was a general of the confederates in Poland, and who is gone to join you, is esteemed one of the greatest officers in Europe. He can give you the character of this Mr. Kotkouski, who served under him as lieutenant colonel,” &c.

judgment, led them to the charge and succeeded in retarding the advance of the enemy—a delay which was of the highest importance to our retreating army. Moreover, the penetrating military *coup d'œil* of Pulaski soon perceived that the enemy were manœuvring to take possession of the road leading to Chester, with the view of cutting off our retreat, or, at least, the column of our baggage. He hastened to General Washington, to communicate the information, and was immediately authorised by the commander in chief to collect as many of the scattered troops as he could find at hand, and make the best of them. This was most fortunately executed by Pulaski, who, by an oblique advance upon the enemy's front and right flank, defeated their object, and effectually protected our baggage, and the retreat of our army.

This important service was justly appreciated by Gen Washington, who did not fail to recommend Pulaski to Congress; and that body passed the following resolution, on the 15th of September, 1777:

“Resolved, that a commander of the horse be appointed, with the rank of a Brigadier.”

“The ballots being taken, Count Pulaski was elected.”

On the next day after the battle of Brandywine, 12th of September, the army rested about Chester; on the 13th, it passed through Philadelphia, and proceeded as far as Germantown; on the next day, it recrossed the Schuylkill, and halted on the Lancaster road, about what was then called the Warren tavern. On the 16th, Pulaski's indefatigable activity preserved the army from a complete surprise. This is a most interesting fact, and one highly creditable to Pulaski. Of this fact, our biographer does not seem to have been apprized; nor, indeed, does he appear to have possessed any accurate knowledge of the occurrences of the day, as the annexed account, copied from his 1st vol. page 78, evidently shows:

“Washington,” says Judge Johnson, “prepared again to give his enemy battle. But, with an army inferior in numbers, deficient in cavalry and artillery, and dispirited with defeat, he could not venture on an engagement, except under advantages which his prudent adversary was resolved not to afford him. On the 16th of September, in the neighbourhood of Goshen, the two armies again approached each other, with an intention to risk another battle. A deluge of rain separated them, and so damaged the arms and ammunition of the Americans, that Washington was compelled, for the present, to decline fighting, and give up the hopes of defending Philadelphia.”

Far from Washington being “prepared to give his enemy battle,” his army was then in a most deplorable condition; not only “dispirited with defeat,” but, harassed with fatigue and hunger. The men were here served with rations, of which they had been for a long time deprived. They wanted rest. Pulaski, who could not for a moment remain inactive, went out with a reconnoitering party of cavalry, and did not proceed very far, before he discovered the whole British army in full march upon our camp; he retreated in full speed—went to head quarters—communicated the important intelligence to Gen. Washington, who, as can well be imagined, received it with equal surprise and uneasiness—for, he had not the most distant idea of such a movement from the enemy—At his request, Pulaski expressed his opinion. It was, that a detachment of about three hundred infantry, with his cavalry, would be sufficient to retard the approach of the enemy long enough to enable the commander in chief to make his dispositions to receive them. The command of that detachment was given to Brigadier General Scott, of Virginia; and they were scarcely engaged, when a tremendous easterly storm came on, which brought upon us that deluge of rain mentioned by the Judge, and which continued the whole night without any interruption. The conse-

quences were not exactly as he says, viz: "that the arms and ammunition of the Americans were so damaged that Washington was compelled for the present to decline fighting." The arms and ammunition of the enemy were not in any degree better protected; the continual rain respected neither side; it fell tremendously upon both, and placed between them an insurmountable obstacle to fighting; and however great the sufferings of the Americans were that night, they were not the less fortunate—as probably this circumstance saved our army from total destruction.

We will not follow Pulaski throughout that campaign, in his active services, at the head of his cavalry. On the day of the battle of Germantown, he was sorely disappointed and mortified. There were but four regiments of horse raised, and not one of them completed. Three of them only, such as they were, had joined General Washington's army, and on the day of the battle, guards were furnished out of those regiments, to attend on the commander in chief, and on other generals—or employed in other service, so that Pulaski was left with so few men as not to have it in his power to undertake any thing of importance. This was to him a matter of deep regret and bitter chagrin.

When General Washington had taken his winter quarters at Valley Forge, the cavalry were sent over into New Jersey, on account of forage, and for other service, on that side of the Delaware. Pulaski made Trenton his head quarters. Thence he represented to Congress the situation in which he had been placed at the battle of Germantown, where he had, in reality, found himself a mere nominal commander. He therefore proposed that Congress, to enable him to be more useful, should give him the command of an Independent Legion, to act with it as a partisan. On the 28th of March, 1778, Congress, after reading his letter, and taking into consideration a report of the 19th of that month, from the Board of War, passed the

following resolution: "Resolved, that Count Pulaski retain his rank of Brigadier in the army of the United States, and that he raise, and have the command of an independent corps of horse and foot; the horse to be armed with lances, and the foot equipped in the manner of light infantry: the corps to be raised in such way, and composed of such men as General Washington shall think expedient and proper; and that it will not be injurious to the service, that he have liberty to dispense, in this particular instance, with the resolve of Congress against enlisting deserters."

The legion was accordingly raised, organised and brought into the field as speedily as possible. It is needless to lengthen this narrative by a minute recital of what passed during the remainder of this campaign. Suffice it to say that Pulaski acted when and where the service called for his talents and his courage—that his lieutenant colonel was killed at Egg-harbour, in Jersey, and that the legion went into winter quarters over the mountains, at the Minisink, on the Delaware.

A new career of active operations was soon opened in the South for the indefatigable partisan. On the 2d of February, Congress passed the following resolution. "Resolved, that Count Pulaski be ordered to march with his legion to South Carolina, and put himself under the command of Gen. Lincoln, or the commanding officer of the southern department."

In obedience to the foregoing resolution, the legion departed for that long march, as soon as every necessary preparation could be made, and reached Charleston at the very time when the British general Prevost, having suddenly and rapidly advanced from Savannah, appeared before that city, on the 11th of May, 1779, in the confident expectation that it would surrender to him, on the first summons. The unlooked for arrival of Pulaski baffled all his hopes. Already, had the Governor and council agreed on terms of

capitulation, not the most honourable, when Gen. Pulaski, accompanied by the brave Col. Laurens, repaired to the council chamber to protest against that precipitate measure—declaring that, as a continental officer, he would defend the city for the United States. Prevost was immediately informed of that determination. Pulaski saw the necessity of reviving the drooping spirits of the inhabitants; accordingly, he sallied out with the legion, who had just arrived. In that sortie, the Colonel of the legion was killed, but Prevost abandoned his enterprise, and retreated over the islands.

On the first of September, 1779, Count D'Estaing appeared on the coast of Georgia, with a large fleet, and about six thousand troops. While cruising in the West-Indies, he had been informed of the situation of the southern States; and he now visited this part of the American coast for the purpose of co-operating with Lincoln in some signal and decisive enterprise. An attack upon Savannah was quickly concerted between them.

Savannah was neither a fortress nor a walled city. It was merely a town fortified with batteries, redoubts, and abatis. When summoned by D'Estaing to surrender the place, Prevost requested time to deliberate, and this was inconsiderately granted. The interval was employed in introducing into the town a considerable reinforcement, and in strengthening its defences. Resistance was then resolved upon. A storm or a siege, therefore, became inevitable. The latter was preferred. After the necessary preparations, a heavy cannonade was opened upon the enemy's works, and briskly kept up for several days, but without the desired effect. D'Estaing's marine officers remonstrated against his continuing to expose so valuable a fleet to the fury of the elements at this tempestuous season, or to the possible arrival of a superior British naval force—and loudly urged his departure. An assault was, consequently, resolved

upon. This assault was to be made on the right of the British lines. Two columns, one French, and the other American, were to attack, at the same time, each a particular redoubt. In the rear of the columns, the whole cavalry, American and French, was to be stationed, under the command of Count Pulaski. Should, as was confidently expected, the redoubts be carried, and the way opened, that intrepid leader was, with these united troops of horse, to enter the place, sword in hand, and to carry confusion and dismay among the garrison. D'Estaing led in person the French corps of attack. Wishing to avoid a circuitous advance round a swamp, and supposing the ground at the bottom to be sufficiently firm, he marched directly through it. The enemy had been informed of his plan by spies. They knew the intended point of attack, and the direction in which the approach of the assailants was to be made. Accordingly, they collected all their force where it would be required, and, at the first alarm, opened a tremendous and deadly fire. Pulaski, impatient to know when he was to act, determined, after securing his cavalry under cover, as well as the ground would admit, to go forward himself, and called to accompany him one of the captains of his legion, who is yet living, but far advanced in years.—They had proceeded only to a small distance, when they heard of the havoc produced in the swamp by the hostile batteries. D'Estaing himself was grievously wounded. Aware of the fatal effects which such a disaster was likely to produce on the spirits of French soldiers—and hoping that his presence would reanimate them, Pulaski rushed on to the scene of disorder and bloodshed. In his attempt to penetrate to the murderous spot, he received a swivel shot in the upper part of his right thigh; and the officer who had accompanied him, was, while on his way back, wounded by a musket ball.—The enterprise upon Savannah was abandoned by the allied armies. The Americans and the French, hav-

ing witnessed each other's zeal and courage, and acquitting each other of any intentional share in this disastrous result, separated in perfect harmony. Count D'Estaing reembarked his troops and artillery, and Pulaski, with his wounded officer, was conveyed on board the United States brig, the *Wasp*, to go round to Charleston. They remained some days in the Savannah river; and during that time, the most skillful surgeons in the French fleet attended on Count Pulaski. It was found impossible to establish suppuration, and gangrene was the consequence. Just as the *Wasp* got out of the river, Pulaski breathed his last, and the corpse immediately became so offensive, that his officer was compelled, though reluctantly, to consign to a watery grave all that was now left upon earth of his beloved and honoured commander.

The *Wasp* entered the harbour of Charleston with her flag half hoisted. The mournful signal was repeated by all the shipping in the port—and all the forts and batteries responded to it in the manner usual on occasions of deep and universal sorrow. The Governor and Council of South Carolina, and the municipal authorities of Charleston, jointly adopted resolutions to pay to the memory of General Pulaski the most respectful and the most splendid funeral honours. A day was set apart for the celebration of the obsequies—and the Quarter-master General of the United States, at Charleston, directed to make and to defray all the preparations necessary for that melancholy solemnity. The procession was grand, magnificent, suited to the occasion. The pall was carried by three American and three French officers of the highest grade—followed by the beautiful horse which Pulaski rode, when he received his mortal wound, with all the accoutrements, armour, and dress which he then wore. So immensely large was the mournful procession that it was found necessary to make a circuit

round the whole city to the church, where an eloquent and impressive discourse was delivered by the chaplain of the army.

In Congress, the subject was taken up on the 29th of November, as follows:

"A letter of the 31st of October, from Major General Lincoln, was read, enclosing a letter, of the 15th of the same month, from Lieutenant Colonel Bedaulx, giving information of the death of Brigadier Count Pulaski.

"Resolved, that a monument be erected to the memory of Brigadier Count Pulaski, and that a committee of three be appointed to bring in a resolution for that purpose.

"The members chosen, Mr. Gerry, Mr. Livingston, and Mr. Harnett."

In the foregoing plain, rapid, unambitious sketch of the military career of Pulaski, both in Poland and in America, many particulars have necessarily been omitted, which would further prove the high endowments of that truly wonderful man—his zeal in the cause of national independence—his almost supernatural foresight—his indefatigable vigilance—his unparalleled constancy—his patience never to be shaken—his lofty magnanimity—and many other virtues of an *antique* cast, which made him a living transcript of what has been termed the *beau ideal* in the military character.

Such was the man whom the author of the "Sketches of the life and correspondence" of one of the greatest heroes of our revolution, has, if not malignantly, at least, very inconsiderately, charged with neglect of duty, on a most important occasion; on an occasion when his usual vigilance must, if possible, have been increased by his consciousness of the momentous interests then at stake, and by a laudable solicitude for his own reputation and character. Surely, when the biographer alleged such a charge—a charge in itself

highly improbable—a charge confuted by every trait in the life of Pulaski—a charge never exhibited by any other historian of the revolution—and now resting merely on the authority of the accuser himself—he must have been quite off his guard, and lamentably deficient in common prudence—as well as in common delicacy!—Ought he not to have reflected that there might still be living some of Pulaski's companions in arms—who still held his memory in profound veneration—whose glory it was to have served America under so distinguished a leader—and whose souls would be harrowed up by an imputation no less cruel to their feelings, than repugnant to all those probabilities from which historical, as well as moral truth results? Pulaski had been a soldier—a patriot—and an unfortunate one. Rank, wealth, native home, family—he had lost every thing—except honour. That, at least, should have remained unsullied.—He slept in the deep—his shade should not have been disturbed.

And then, in making the obnoxious charge without that strong and incontrovertible evidence which the severity of the historical muse requires, where was the gratitude of the American for the services rendered by Pulaski to the cause of our country—at the battle of Brandywine—on the Lancaster road—and on various other occasions recorded in our revolutionary chronicles?—Where the gratitude of the citizen of Charleston for the hero, who, as has been related, saved that city from an humiliating surrender to the British arms? If our biographer could be thus ungrateful—thank heaven! the nation cannot—Oh! no—witness the enthusiastic reception given, at this very time, to her illustrious guest—to one who knew, who esteemed, who admired Pulaski—to the gallant La Fayette!—Witness the affectionate embrace of the old—the fervid gaze of the young—the glistening eye of beauty—the raptures of all!—Witness the emulous efforts of our largest cities to surpass each other

in the splendour of their homage to the early champion, to the persevering friend of American liberty—to the patriot of both worlds—to him who, whether the hero, or the martyr of freedom, has never ceased to love, to cherish, to support her cause!—Witness, in fine, that explosion of national feeling, which absolves republics—which honours, not only the brave and amiable La Fayette—not only ourselves—but the human species—which will excite the envy of monarchs, in their cheerless palaces—and revive the drooping spirits of nations, by recalling them to a consciousness of their unalienable dignity!*

The splendid funeral honours paid by the citizens of Charleston to the memory of the brave Pulaski—the united regrets of the people and of the army at the loss of an officer no less beloved than he was useful—and the last tribute of respect offered to his shade by Congress—had already evinced the sensibilities, the gratitude of our infant republic. The gallant son of Poland had, like the gallant son of France, enthusiastically espoused the cause of America. He served that cause—not, indeed, to the same extent as the chivalrous La Fayette, who to the aid of his sword joined that of his influence in the councils of a powerful ally—but with the same zeal, the same ardour, the same fidelity. And had he lived to this day, he, too, would, no doubt, have enjoyed a considerable share of that veneration and love which our nation bestows on her early friends—on the active and intrepid warriors whose blood has sealed the imperishable charter of her liberties!

* There is in the present visit of General La Fayette to the United States, and in the enthusiastic, unprecedented reception of that good and great man, something connected with the dearest and highest interests of nations—something which exhibits the human character in its brightest lustre. In fact, the ingratitude with which republics have often been charged, was, wherever it occurred, the crime of parties and factions, not the crime of the people. For obvious reasons, the charge has been propagated by the machiavelism of kings, and the sophistry of their sycophants.

To conclude—Either Judge Johnson possesses proofs of an accusation, which to us appears utterly improbable and groundless—If he has such proofs, let him exhibit them to the world—fairly, honourably, candidly—“nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice.” If not, let him acknowledge his error. Infallibility is not the lot of man—but as soon as an historian becomes aware of a mistake, he owes to truth a public homage. In no other way, can the writer who has involuntarily or heedlessly erred, preserve any claim on the esteem of society.

BALTIMORE, *September 22d*, 1824.

APPENDIX.

REVIEWERS, CRITICS, &c.

WHO HAVE ANIMADVERTED ON THE "SKETCHES."

BESIDES the three works mentioned in the foregoing Vindication of Pulaski, viz: the "North American Review," "the United States Magazine," and "The Campaign of 1781 in the Carolinas," in which the "Sketches" have been handled with just severity—there have appeared, at different times, and in different places, other criticisms, strictures, remarks, &c. on the whole, or on certain parts of that publication.

Mrs. Gouverneur Morris has ably and victoriously defended the memory of her late husband, against the unfounded aspersions of the biographer.

Major Garden, author of the "Revolutionary Anecdotes"—Doctor Irvine, of Charleston—Judge Johnston, of Abingdon, in Virginia—and, we think, the Editor of the National Gazette, for having observed that the "*Sketches would not find as many readers as they contained chapters*"—have been engaged in controversies with our historian.

BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

The following is the concise account given by David Ramsay of the battle of Germantown, vol. ii. page 15.

"The Americans began their attack about sun-rise, on the 40th regiment and a battalion of light infantry. These two corps being obliged to retreat, were pursued into the village. On their retreat, Lieutenant Colonel Musgrove, with six companies, took post in Mr. Chew's strong stone-house, which lay in front of the Americans. From an adherence to the military maxim of never having a fort possessed by the enemy in the rear, it was resolved to attack the party in the house.

"In the mean time, General Greene got up with his column, and attacked the right wing. Colonel Matthews routed a party of the British opposed to him, killed some, and took 110 prisoners; but, from the darkness of the day, lost sight of the brigade to which he belonged, and having separated from it, was taken prisoner with his whole regiment, and the prisoners which he had previously taken, were released. A number of the troops in Greene's division were stopped by the halt of the party before Chew's house. Near one half of the American army remained for some time at that place, inactive. In the mean time, General Gray led on three battalions of the third brigade, and attacked with vigour; a sharp contest followed. Two British regiments attacked at the same time, on the opposite side of the town. General Grant moved up the 49th regiment to the aid of those who were engaged with Greene's column.

"The morning was extremely foggy. This, by concealing the true situation of the parties, occasioned mistakes, and made so much caution necessary, as to give the British time to recover from the effects of their first surprise. From these causes, the early promising appearances on the part of the assailants, were speedily reversed. The Americans left the field hastily, and all efforts to rally them were ineffectual. Lord Cornwallis arrived with a party of light horse, and joined in the pursuit; this was continued for some miles, &c."

SINGULAR MISTAKE OF JUDGE JOHNSON.

It was not enough for Judge Johnson to swell up his work with erroneous accounts of military operations; he has committed palpable mistakes, in the most trifling facts; for instance, he says, (vol. 1, chap. iv. page 80) "much blood and treasure was expended on the one side in defending, and on the other, in reducing the *Forts*, called *Mud Fort* and *Fort Mifflin*." Now, what is the fact? There is in the river Delaware, six miles below Philadelphia, opposite to the mouth of the Schuylkill, an island called Mud-Island. A fortification was erected thereon, and was called at first Mud Fort, or *Mud Island Fort*, and at last Fort Mifflin, in compliment to General Mifflin; so that the Judge is making two forts out of one. Such a mistake, however, is harmless, and only shows the pitiful ignorance, or extreme carelessness of the writer; but, the same writer no longer deserves indulgence when, unmindful of the reputation of distinguished characters, he introduces, in his work, assertions and accusations injurious to their memory, without condescending to give the requisite evidence.

DEATH OF PULASKI.

If Pulaski has been accused by Judge Johnson of slumbering in presence of the enemy, his well directed bravery, as a partisan, has been, by others, converted into inconsiderate rashness. Several persons, hearing that he had been mortally wounded at the assault on Savannah, conceived the idea that, in a fit of reckless frenzy, he must have attempted to storm the place, at the head of his cavalry; and what was, at first, the surmise of the ignorant, passing from mouth to mouth, became the fixed opinion of the credulous. The statement of the melancholy occurrence, given in the foregoing pages by an ocular witness, must remove every erroneous preconception of that sort.

When the king of Poland was apprized of the death of Pulaski, he is said to have exclaimed: "Pulaski has died as he had lived—a hero—but an enemy of kings!"











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